

THE LEMON GROVE REVIEW

Vol. 50, No. 53

Serving Lemon Grove and nearby communities

Thursday, February 19, 1998 25¢

It is a period of civil war. Rebel pedestrians, striking from a hidden base, have won their first victory against the evil Catalytic Empire. During the battle, Rebel spies managed to steal secret plans to the Empire's ultimate weapon, the Smog Star, an armored gas station with enough power to destroy an entire planet. Pursued by the Empire's sinister agents, Princess Ozone-Lela races home down a bike lane, custodian of the stolen plans that can save her people and restore freedom to the galaxy ...

Dale Jackson

I deliver the newspaper you are now reading. My route takes me from Lemon Grove to Lakeside. If you ever wondered where the phrase "You can't get there from here" came from, it must have originated with someone making deliveries.

Between the red lights and heavy traffic, you can get the feeling that you will never get to that last account.

For instance, at Mission Gorge Road and Cuyamaca (westbound in the morning and eastbound after 4 p.m.), the light will sometimes turn red three times before you can get through the intersection. At the same intersection (at midday), southbound lanes will only let four of five cars go through before turning red, while eight or 10 are backed up.

Traffic controllers wonder why people continue to go through after the light turns red. Duh!

Yesterday, traveling north on Lake Murray Boulevard to Navajo Road west and down into El Cajon, I had to go through 21 traffic lights, 18 of them red. You begin to feel like someone is trying to keep you from getting the job done.

I deliver newspapers — the product with the shortest shelf life of any — to stores and businesses. So why don't people get out of my way? Why do all the lights turn red as I approach? Why didn't I think to get gas before I started? Why? Why? Why?

I asked my doctor why can't I control my emotions? I'm yelling at the red lights, talking to other traffic, "Come on lets go. The lights been green for three seconds now!" To go one block, then stop for a red light, then another block and another red light, and then after five blocks to have stopped at five red lights: how can I do my job if I spend all day at red lights?

You've probably seen reports on how much of your life is spent sleeping or

working or watching TV. Well, I want to know how much was spent sitting at red lights. I can't get there from here, the only place I'm going is to an early grave.

The Doc says, "Just relax." Yeah sure, with a type "A" personality? No, not today, not with all those red lights and construction sites I have to drive around.

It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it! Otherwise, what would you all be reading right now? Probably "No turn on red," "Stop ahead," "Thru traffic merge left" ...

Cheryl Cohen

During my college years in the early '70s, it wasn't unusual for me to hitchhike on weekends to my hometown in Michigan from the campus I attended some 90 miles away.

I had to work in my hometown on Saturdays. Afterwards, there was the all-important brain cell demolition with my friends. This continued until the bewitching hour on Sunday night when I'd have to leave to get back to school.

Hitchhiking, back then, was simply an alternate method of transportation.

Whatever the perils, they always seemed secondary to the facts that I needed to make it back before the Housemother, a bloated, pink terry clothed tyrant stationed in a chair at Trout Halls entrance, spotted me.

I swore over and over again that someday, when I had my own wheels, I'd always pick up hitchhikers. Always.

I was, perhaps, too grateful.

About three years after college, I was driving back to San Diego from my dad's place in San Clemente. It was late at night after dining heavily and getting too comfortable in front of his television. I finally dragged myself out to the car to leave.

Once on the road, it didn't take long before I was bored and sleepy. A hitchhiker shivered and motioned to me that he was

going in my direction. My vow to pick up car-less souls played like a tape through my head and I pulled over. He got into the passenger seat and I more or less ignored him except for a brief greeting.

As we approached the lonely stretch of freeway that cuts through Camp Pendleton, the man started mumbling to himself and I glanced in his direction.

"Unkempt" would have been too kind a word for his appearance. He was absolutely greasy with a savage mess of dark hair and beard. I noticed that his eyeballs were wild as he turned and muttered something to me.

Charles Manson ... he looks just like Charley Manson! I thought. This is not good.

I couldn't make out anything he was saying and his increasingly loud staccato wasn't making anything any clearer. Finally, he placed one grubby paw upon my shoulder and distinctly enunciated, "I'll drive now."

My stomach fell to somewhere around the gas pedal and its contents threatened to follow if I didn't get out of this situation.

"Er ... what?" I asked.

"I'll drive. You pull over now."

My shoulder shrunk away from the growing pressure of his fingers as he prepared to physically emphasize his point. I noticed a handle made of horn poking out of his jacket pocket. He saw me looking, and reached for it.

Heartbeats in my ear were louder than the siren that sounded in the police car behind me, but I saw the lights and pulled over. I don't think the hitchhiker even noticed that I wasn't pulling over because of his request.

The flashlight was brutal but welcome, as I rolled down the window to greet the officer. The light traveled from my eyes to my rider's and back again.

"What's wrong with you, lady?" the officer asked. "You don't know a round-robin when you see one?"

IN THIS ISSUE



CAR WARS

A long time ago on a highway far, far away ...

"What's a round-robin?" I really didn't know.

"You didn't see me zigzagging four lanes of traffic in front of you? There's an accident up ahead and we're trying to slow everyone down. You completely ignored me. You even passed me!"

He thumbed through my registration and insurance materials but kept one eye on the hitchhiker.

"I'm going to have to give you a ticket," he said, scribbling something on the pad. "Here, sign this."

I read the words, *Rider dangerous. Get out of car when I signal.* Suddenly, the passenger door slammed open and the rider fell out onto the shoulder. He was out of sight almost instantly in the darkness.

"Anyone you know?" the cop asked with a grin. My eyes shot back a panicky question mark.

"We've been tailing you since you picked him up, but you were too shook up to notice, I guess. He's an escapee from prison, and there's plenty of police backup in that field he just ran into. You should count yourself lucky. The last person that picked him up got robbed and stabbed."

These days, I figure that "robbed and stabbed" is much worse than backing out on a 25-year-old promise. "Let them take the trolley," as Marie Antoinette once said ... Didn't she?

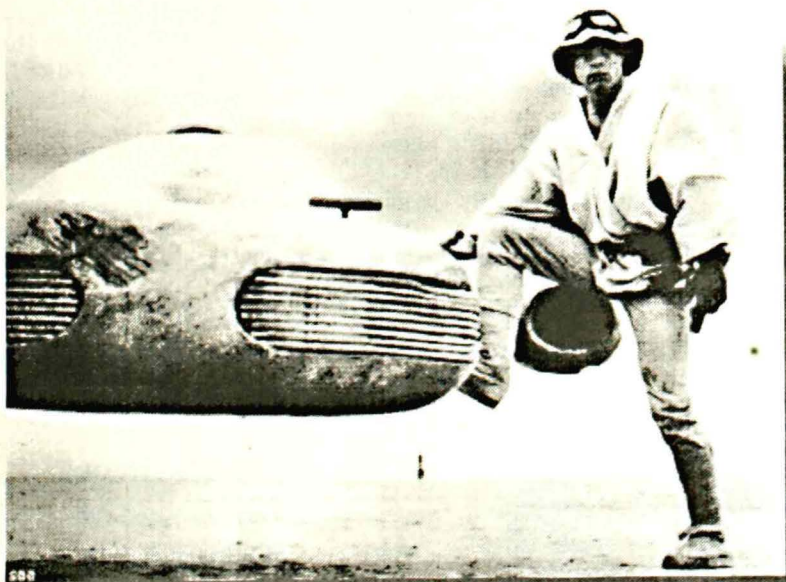
Ninette Sosa

Considering I drive lots on a daily basis, I have yet to have an accident. If I've caused any, I apologize.

If you think East County is a war zone, try driving south of the border. My ex-husband and I once took a couple from out of town to Rosarita Beach. After spending the day there, we headed back.

My friend, Phyllis, did the driving as I

Continued on Page 4



M is for Mayor

Personal comments of Mayor Mary Sessom

The new year has seen positive results on three major projects the City Council decided to undertake in 1997. These projects are by no means completed but I thought an update would be informative.

It has been three months since we contracted for our fire safety services with the San Miguel Fire Protection District. Have you noticed a difference? If you are like 99 percent of those Lemon Grovers who live or work here, I'll bet you haven't. But there have been some benefits over and above those we contracted for.

For example, San Miguel has an active reserve firefighter program. Because of the higher level of activity at our Lemon Grove Station, virtually the entire reserve staff is requesting assignment here. This has resulted in the city having four person engine companies instead of our usual three. In fact, San Miguel might be inclined to move the reserve permanently (as long as the contract lasts) to Lemon Grove.

Our contract with the Sheriff's Department has also been expanded. The city received \$51,248 in Federal Law Enforcement Block Grant funds late in 1997. That money, along with a small surplus (\$5,694) in city funds from our law enforcement budget, has enabled us to fund a five day, two deputy bike patrol. The patrol will work the day shift and focus on the business district and any school related issues deemed a problem. If you have the opportunity to introduce yourself to one of the deputies, please do so. I believe you will be pleased with the caliber of officers we continue to get in this city.

As you can see when you drive about the city, the Capital Improvement Program is moving along with the ramp reconfiguration at Massachusetts and the repaving (finally) of Broadway and Lemon Grove Avenue. What you will see shortly are water main upgrades at Glencoe Drive - Canton to Nichols, Lincoln Place - Zemco to Hughes and Roosevelt Avenue - Buena Vista to Fisher Lane. By the time you read this article, Glencoe Drive will be underway. Expect some detours and delays until around April, when all will be finished.

If you have any questions or concerns, call our assistant city manager, Bob Richardson, on the fire and law enforcement side and Heidi Holmes, our public works inspector, on the streets. I suspect they would also like to hear words of thanks for their efforts in upgrading the quality of life in Lemon Grove.

The City Council may set the priorities and allocate the funds, but our City Staff are the ones who have to get the jobs done and, most of the time, they go above and beyond the call of duty. The number at City Hall is 464-6934.

Scholarship money available

With the college application season in full swing, families are now facing the dilemma of how to pay for tuition, room and board, text books, lab fees and other expenses. Skyrocketing costs coupled with cutbacks of government grants and college assistance are putting extra strain on family budgets and assets. As a result many families are relying on burdensome debt to finance their children's education.

The good news is that there are nearly 400,000 scholarship and grant sources now available to help students pay for college costs. Over 80 percent of these scholarships do not depend on family need or high grades but are awarded based on factors such as the student's interests, activities, field of study, age, ethnic background or parent's work or military service.

According to the U.S. Dept of Education and financial aid experts, many students are missing out on the financial assistance opportunities available to them simply because they are not aware of the scholarship process and where to find scholarships that can help them. "Students who take the initiative to find out what sources they qualify for are usually successful in funding either part or all of their education."

Now, through the resources of the National Academic Funding Advisory (NAFA), an updated and expanded publication for 1998 is available which provides important information for all students seeking financial assistance, how to use the new tax changes to save money on your educational expenses, and where to secure direct scholarship money.

For information on how to receive academic funding and scholarships for college, graduate school or trade school, send a No. 10 self-addressed, double stamped envelope plus \$2 to cover handling to the National Academic Funding Advisory (NAFA), 188 Summer St. Dept. M1, Portsmouth, N.H. 03801.

WEATHER

The following information was provided by the National Weather Service.

		High	Low
Feb.	9	56	46
Feb.	10	-	-
Feb.	11	64	52
Feb.	12	67	53
Feb.	13	66	55
Feb.	14	60	50
Feb.	15	58	52
Precipitation			
Feb.	9	0.46"	
Feb.	14	0.77"	
Feb.	15	0.47"	

The Lemon Grove Review

(USPS NO. 309-840)

Is published semiweekly by Forum Publications, Inc., 3434 Grove Street, Lemon Grove, CA 91945. Periodicals postage paid at Lemon Grove, CA 91945.

POSTMASTER: PLEASE SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO:

THE LEMON GROVE REVIEW
Box 127, Lemon Grove, CA 91946 •
(619) 469-0101

Adjudicated a newspaper of general circulation in Superior Court of State of California in and for San Diego County, December 5, 1949.

Adjudication Number 155392.

\$18 yearly in San Diego County.
\$40 yearly elsewhere in U.S.A.

Steven Saint, Publisher

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Trudy Thomas

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Submissions

Letters, editorial and photo submissions are welcome, but will not be returned to sender unless accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Material can be sent via e-mail at the following address: sdgreens@igc.apc.org

All materials must be received by the Monday preceding the date of publication. The editor reserves the right to edit all submissions.

Advertising

All advertising is subject to current rate card. The publisher reserves the right to reject an advertiser's order.

Only publication of an advertisement shall constitute final acceptance.

Send all correspondence to: Forum Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 127, Lemon Grove, CA 91946

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Mercury will appear on the far side of the sun on Sunday, and Jupiter will do so just a day later. Imagine our solar system from above, and visualize four bodies currently arranged in a straight line, in this order: Earth, sun, Mercury, Jupiter. As weeks pass, the planets orbit counterclockwise around the sun at different rates, the inner planets revolving faster. So as seen from Earth, speedy Mercury will emerge to the left of the sun, while leisurely Jupiter will emerge to the right of the sun.

Meanwhile, the Earth rotates counterclockwise on its axis, causing day and night and the daily rising and setting of sun, moon, planets and stars.

After appearing behind the sun, an inner planet (Mercury in this case) will next be visible in the evening sky after sunset, while an outer planet (Jupiter) will next be seen in the morning sky before sunrise. During March, in fact, Mercury will emerge as an evening "star" by the end of the first week, and Jupiter will emerge as a morning "star" before month's end.

Saturday, an hour after sunset, locate Saturn nearly 30 degrees up in west-southwest, and look for Mars nearly 26 degrees to its lower right. These are planets outside the Earth's orbit and consequently they orbit the sun more slowly than Earth does. Both planets appear lower in the western sky each evening, and will sink into bright twilight by the end of March. Saturn will be in conjunction beyond the sun on April 13, and Mars on May 12. Both planets will emerge into the eastern morning sky, Saturn in May, and Mars in July.

An hour before sunrise on Sunday, the crescent moon is in southeast with brilliant Venus within 16 degrees lower left. Follow them until well past sunrise, Sunday. In predawn on Monday, a beautiful pairing of moon and Venus — the two brightest nighttime objects — rewards early risers. Circumstances vary with location. Venus rises 4 degrees to moon's left at 2:03 a.m., just as moon's crescent becomes fully visible, 2 hours 20 minutes before sunrise.

From most locations in U.S., the views of moon and Venus should be especially striking from two hours to one hour before sunrise. Venus is near greatest brilliancy and is nearly at its highest in the sky for this morning apparition, so this will be one of the most impressive of the monthly pairings of the moon and Venus. (April 23 will be even more so, including Jupiter only about half a degree from Venus.) Follow Monday's pairing well into daytime, even past midday.

Monday, an hour before sunrise on Tuesday, the thin old crescent moon is very low in east-southeast, with brilliant Venus 11 degrees to upper right.

Upcoming Events

Methodist church to celebrate 5th anniversary

The Good Shepherd African Methodist Episcopal (AME) Church will celebrate a 5-year church anniversary at 3:30 p.m. on Sunday at the church, 3205 Washington St. in Lemon Grove.

The theme for the service will be "Trust and Obey" from Psalms 37: 3-5. The Reverend C. Dennis Williams, Pastor of Bethel AME Church in San Diego will be the featured speaker.

For further information call the church at 460-2204.

Community college offering class on Word 97

A word processing class on Word 97 will be offered by the Grossmont-Cuyamaca College of Community Learning from 9 a.m. - 3 p.m. on Sunday in Room 533 at Grossmont College, 8800 Grossmont College Drive in El Cajon. The cost of the class is \$69.

Preregistration is required and can be done by calling 660-4350.

Toastmasters offer seminars on communication.

Toastmasters is offering a series of seminars for those interested in becoming better communicators. The seminar meets from 7 - 9 p.m. beginning on Monday, at Scripps Hospital East, 1690 East Main St. in El Cajon. Other seminar dates are March 9, 16, 23 and 30 and April 6.

The cost is \$30 and can be applied to a 6-month membership for those interested in joining the group.

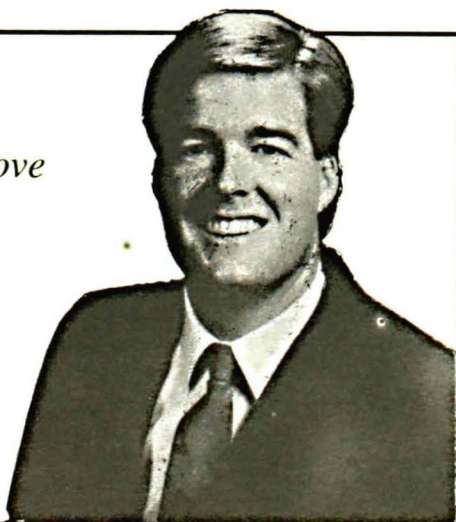
Toastmasters is a voluntary non-profit organization dedicated to helping people become better communicators. The 1998 seminar will give participants the opportunity to learn how to give speeches, develop listening skills and increase self-esteem. The seminar provides support to people who have fear of public speaking and provides a means for people to become better speakers.

To make a reservation, call Jeff Provence at 588-9700.

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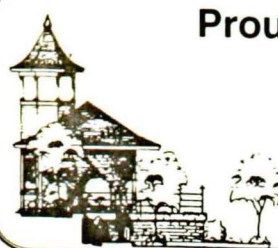
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Commentary

by Paul Treske

President's weekend ... why?

Being both a long-time history buff and an aging and increasingly cantankerous old coot, the annual American mangling of our national holidays tends to leave me in testy ill-humor. Nothing accomplishes this more quickly than the current unholy abortion we call "President's Weekend."

Washington and Lincoln were monumental figures in the lengthy path to a relatively free and powerful United States, and to see them reduced to cut our profiles topping ads for Dow Stereo or mattress sales is irritating to the max. One typical weekend newspaper ad for carpeting shows a cutout of Washington appearing to say "Free pad and free installation." A TV ad for the weekend actually told us to "Honor the Presidents by watching Burt Reynolds in 'Smokey and the Bandit'."

Unfortunately, when I was young, American history was taught anecdotally. Lincoln was born in a log cabin and freed the slaves, and Washington was a General on a white horse, crossed some river in a boat in winter, had wooden teeth and chopped down a cherry tree. Talk to today's teenagers and it hasn't changed much except that the damned cherry tree thankfully seems to have faded. To suggest that our youngsters be taught a more

cogent form of history is probably far too much to ask, but one would hope that at least our local and national media would make an effort on so-called "President's Weekend," to give Americans a better look at what these two men have accomplished.

In many ways, Lincoln has gotten the best of it in his century or so of retelling. His great brooding monument statue is far more evocative than Washington's simple obelisk and the slave issue and ultimate assassination have made him a more sympathetic national icon.

Washington, on the other hand, has faded further into our collective minds over his two centuries and is now a somewhat remote and unapproachable figure on a white horse whom we vaguely remember as having lost a lot of battles but won a war of independence. In truth, he was not a brilliant soldier. He was, however, a superb leader with an army comprised mostly of local militia which had an unfortunate tendency to break and run for home when the going got tough. That he held a nucleus together and ultimately outlasted British willingness to continue was a superlative human accomplishment.

As a President he is now simply remembered as the "Father of His Country," but he accom-

plished, for his time, several acts so awe-inspiring that they must be remembered. The fractious, un-united colonies of our early days would have held together for no other man. He was offered a crown, and instead accepted an elective Presidency. Upon completion of his second term, he did something that literally no other prior ruler in history had ever done. He willingly stepped down so a young nation's electoral process might be properly born.

He did other, less well known things. When it was strongly recommended to him that Jews should be allotted only second class citizenship in this new land, despite the efforts of many Jews towards independence, Washington, in the simplest way, sent unmistakable letters to Jewish leaders welcoming them as fully vested citizens of the United States.

Such a man should not be relegated to a shadowy, statue-like place in our history. We no longer celebrate his real birthday on Feb. 22, but, at least, the few of us who are a step beyond the selling of President's Day, should try to remind the happy weekend shoppers that there is more to those two cutout characters than a crassly constructed excuse for buying and selling. At least I've tried.

PG Perspectives

by Phillip Giannangeli

Rain, rain

Rain drops keep falling on my head. On my windshield. On the roof. And in the puddle that once was my yard. They're falling all over the place. I, for one, am getting pretty tired of this whole wet debacle.

Have we not learned anything at all from history? This looks like the forty days and forty nights thing all over again. Where are the ark builders? Who's gathering up the two-by-two specimens? This time, do we have to take along ants?

Looking at this situation more locally, are we ready to rename our cities if the rains continue? Say Lake El Cajon. Or perhaps if the runoff is flowing so rapidly we could have Rio Santee. Would Lemonade be a more appropriate designation for Lemon Grove? Or La Mesa Shores? Lakeside could change to Lakeside. Could the entire East County become one vast inland sea? Would the fight over the cross on Mount Helix cease because it would become a location beacon for seafarers traveling these uncharted waters and dangerous shoals? Should my soggy mind stop with all the questions already?

You may offer a hardy yes at this point but remember when I'm not pondering, I'm pontificating. Or worse procrastinating. Sorry, that was supposed to be prognosticating. So, if you want that, here are some pontificates and prognosticates.

I don't think forty days and forty nights is going to happen again, but I wouldn't be surprised to see forty-forty marked down to twenty-nine ninety-nine. That's what usually happens these days.

I'd check with the weather bureau about all of this, but they're out celebrating the success of their predictions on the arrival of the Niño thing. Far be it for me to rob them of their fun by asking for some deep background data about what's happening to us or what is going to happen.

I am wondering, though, if a rumor I heard is true. Supposedly there are a couple of East County politicians who are looking to establish riverboat gambling in the area once the rains stop and the water recedes and forms a huge lake. The boats would leave the state of the art dock built in Spring Valley and sail through Lemon Grove, La Mesa, El Cajon, Santee, and Lakeside on half day cruises, with brief stops for shopping and a chance to meet the natives. Patrons on the boats would have traditional gambling activities plus a chance to meet recall candidates in the area. Perhaps Roger Hedgecock could be enticed to emcee some of the cruises.

A couple of weeks ago when I noticed moss in my driveway, I alerted all of you to the dangers inherent in my discovery. Moss is one thing, but this constant downpour is far more serious. Burt Backarack (I'm not sure how he spells his last name; it could be Back-a-rat) started this whole rain drop thing with that dopey song of his. I wonder if we should go after him. Make him stand out in those cute rain drops he wrote about. See how cute they are after 24 to 36 straight hours of dropping.

I've heard there are rain dance practitioners. I'm by no means suggesting that we need their services, but I wonder if there could also be anti-rain dancers. If so I'd be glad to throw in my two cents and hire one. These rain drops that keep falling on my head are driving me crazy. And they're messing up my glasses too.

Reel Thoughts

'Blues Brothers' bring back the music

by Betty Jo Tucker

With this month's release of "Blues Brothers 2000" and "The Wedding Singer," fans of movie musicals should rejoice at their good fortune. Both movies are packed with wonderful singing, dancing and instrumental numbers. So what if the storylines seem a bit flimsy. Who complains about the lack of plot at a symphony concert or exhibition of classic art? These two films should fascinate music lovers in much the same way.

"Blues Brothers 2000," from Universal Pictures, showcases some of the greatest blues performers alive today, while introducing exciting newcomers like Erykah Badu and Johnny Lang to movie audiences. The film's 14 musical numbers feature such legends as Aretha Franklin, B.B. King, James Brown, Junior Wells, Bo Diddley, Eric Clapton, and Lou Rawls. Choreographer Barry Lather achieves dazzling results by combining styles from Broadway, Busby Berkley, burlesque and traditional concert staging.

Everyone knows this movie is a sequel to the popular 1980 "Blues Brothers" comedy. Dan Aykroyd is still along for the ride, but his new brothers are John Goodman, Joe Morton and J. Evan Bonifant. Morton, a Tony Award winner for the musical adaptation of "Raisin in the Sun," reminds us of Ben Vereen at the height of his career. Twelve-year-old Bonifant is a joy to watch as a



"Blues Brothers 2000," the sequel the John Landis' 1980 hit, "The Blues Brothers," stars (left to right) John Goodman, Dan Aykroyd, J. Evan Bonifant and Joe Morton.

pint-size bluesman, complete with sunglasses, hat, suit and attitude.

After being jilted by his longtime sweetheart, Adam Sandler knows something about singing the blues in "The Wedding Singer." When his own wedding is called off, he becomes the worst wedding entertainer of all time. He belts out an obnoxious song called "Love Stinks," insults the guests, and fights with the bride's father.

It takes his new friend, the lovely and oh-so-talented Drew Barrymore, to bring him back to his sweet self. This very funny

romantic comedy from New Line Cinema transports us to the 1980's — a world of big hair, shoulder pads, parachute pants, pinkie rings and mesh. Its numerous songs amuse and charm us. Especially impressive are the poignant "Grow Old With You" and the hilarious "Somebody Kill Me," both written and performed by Sandler.

If "The Wedding Singer" and "Blues Brothers 2000" do well at the box office, we might see additional new musicals on the big screen. Keep your fingers crossed!

Letter to the Editor

Thanks, the public needed to know

Thank you for your recent article on Nadia Davies' tortuous history with the Grossmont Union High School District (GUHS) which has led to a successful community effort to place her recall election on the June 2 ballot. As one of the more than 900 volunteers who helped collect signatures on the recall petitions, and in the process talked to hundreds of voters about the damage Nadia has done to our high school district, I believe that your Jan. 22 edition [Nadia Under Siege] was important information for the community to have. Your follow-up article on Feb. 5, [Total Recall] about the history of recall attempts, their successes and failures was equally interesting.

Among the indications that Nadia's recall will go down in history as one of the successes is that our all-volunteer group collected the necessary signatures in about half the 160 day time period allowed, an unprecedented feat by all accounts. The reason the community worked so hard and was able to accomplish this was the recognition, by circulators and signers alike, that the GUHS District will not get back to the serious business of educating students until Nadia Davies is gone from the district - and the sooner the better.

Another important point to make is we also had the desire to do this in the least costly way for the district. We have done that by submitting the petitions in time for the recall to be held concurrently with the regularly-scheduled primary. Similar concerns for fiscal responsibility did not bother Nadia Davies when she eagerly signed (using Cajon Valley Board member Jill Barto's address - another example of using an address where she did not live) a Notice of Intention to Recall Ada Reep in 1995. Nadia was also the person who served the notices on Ada and two others at that time, so she must approve of recalls!

Those who would like to work with the community to restore competence, professionalism and responsibility to the GUHS Board may contact the Committee to Recall Nadia Davies at voice mail: 497-1600. For those who seek more information regarding the damage that Nadia has done to our district, please visit the committee's web page at <http://www.recallnadia.com>.

RITA COLLIER
La Mesa

CAR WARS

Continued from Page 1

rode in the front seat. The men were in back. She took the wrong turn and ended up on the "free" road (as opposed to the toll road), which is a no-no. I dozed off.

The next thing I know, I was awakened by a Federale with a flashlight. Apparently, my "ex" or somebody had to relieve nature, decided to go on the side of the road and were caught by the police.

The Federales demanded money. I — the only Spanish speaker in our group — said, "No."

We ended up at police headquarters in Tijuana. The "ex" and Phyllis' husband ended up in jail. I was beat up by the cops while Phyllis watched. All I remember was her screaming ...

The two guys were finally released from jail. Phyllis and I left the police station after Phyllis gave them \$80 she had stashed in her wallet. We crossed the border early in the morning, went to El Torito in La Mesa and didn't go back to Tijuana for several years.

Last Christmas, I ventured further south to my native Guatemala City. I was finally informed that the reason the driving is so erratic there is because many villagers pay for their driver's licenses instead of taking the test ... the problem is that they can't read.

So when you ask for directions, the conversation goes like this: "Turn by the big pine tree near the bakery, go up the street to the bank — the first one, not the second one — turn right, go up the hill pass three *tiendas* (stores). Once you pass *Tienda Letty*, the house is the second one from the corner."

If you can ascertain the street name and the street number, you're forced to look on the side of the building anyway because that's where it's spray painted on.

I saw more dead bodies in the street that I do dead dogs on the roadways here ... that's because cars have the right of way, and if you're in the way, oh well.

Jake Christie

Like every other child of the so-called middle class, I dreamed of a car from first grade on. That longing spiked when I was 19. I wanted a VW Beetle.

I got an '84 Ford Escort station wagon.

It was my grandmother's, a high school graduation present. Gray exterior with gray interior, much of which came from the mounds of cigarette ashes strewn about by my chain-smoking grandfather. He had been using it

for quick jaunts down to the Chula Vista VFW, but by the time we came to get it, the car had been sitting for six months.

We had noticed that the car made a clicking noise when I made sharp turns. My father attributed this to worn ball-bearings in the transaxle's half shafts, and he was constantly telling me to crank the steering wheel slightly.

Unfortunately, the tires were in worse shape.

While returning from dropping off a story for the newspaper, I brushed up against the curb on the corner of Allison Avenue and Spring Street, blowing out the weak sidewall of the rear right tire.

Using language not generally heard outside an enlisted man's dive, my father helped me put the spacesaver on. We replaced the old tires with a new set shortly afterward, not realizing that this was akin to erecting a new facade on a gutted building.

A ticking time bomb from the outset, the brakes failed spectacularly. I was buzzing along the 125 freeway to attend a speech tournament in Northern California.

Little did I know, the rear set



of brakes weren't working at all and the disk brake pads up front were worn down to the rivets holding them on.

Thus, when I tried to slip into the 8 West on-ramp, I lost control, slamming into a guardrail. The left fender crumpled, catching a rivet on the rail, which ripped open a two-foot gash in the sheet metal. The plastic turn signal housing was completely gone, but the head lamp was still whole.

I was in a state of shock when I climbed out the passenger's side door (mine was jammed shut by the ruined fender). I had only been doing 30 m.p.h.

Although the event itself took less than a minute to occur, it took more than a month's worth of weekends to beat the Unibody frame back into shape and replace the fender.

Other problems with the car tackled over the past two months include a transmission fluid leak (the oilpan was loose), an engine oil leak (oil pan seal was changed after much work; camshaft cover seal still needs replacement), and an "intermittent vacuum leak" that leaves the car unable to idle, earning it the nickname "Stalin."

It's fitting — the vehicle is as dependable as any produced in the Soviet Union.

If there are any masochist VW Beetle owners out there willing to swap (no money transactions, please) their Bug with my infamous auto, please send a photo of it and your phone number to the Forum Publications address.

Erin Payne

I was planning to photograph a wedding that started at 11 and there I was, at 10:30, with about a hour's worth of errands to run before I got there.

Loading my two kids and my brother-in-law into my car, I headed out on Grossmont Boulevard, taking the fateful turn onto Bancroft to head over the bridge that turns into Severin Drive.

I made the turn onto the Severin Bridge, just making it through the yellow light. Coming over the crest of the bridge, I could see the signal — GREEN! GO!!!

I was in such a hurry when all of a sudden, my brother in law began yelling, "Look out!!!" I glanced up to see a green light ahead of me ... and a gentleman on his cellular phone coming right through the intersection ... headed right towards the front of my car.

I swerved to avoid him, only to hear the *crunch* of my Celica being smacked broadside. I burst into tears, although the man seemed to be extremely calm as I could see him making a different telephone call ... probably calling the cops, I thought.

He ended his call and we pulled our cars into the park and ride. Being the empathetic person I am, I began to apologize. "I am so sorry this happened!"

The other driver didn't have much to say, other than the standard "I am being nice enough not to call the police. What is the name of your insurance carrier?"

Insurance. That was a new subject for me, considering that I didn't have any at the time! The driver began to tell me that his car was undriveable. Yeah, the man's fender is laying on the side of the road while the entire passenger side of mine was smashed up into the wheel well. I looked around to see that there were no other witnesses.

It was then realized I had a camera! Granted, the film was for a wedding, not a car accident, but without the police, I was determined! I dodged traffic to take complete 360-degree shots of the area, his car and my totalled piece of junkyard scrap. At least the guy was pretty nice about it all...

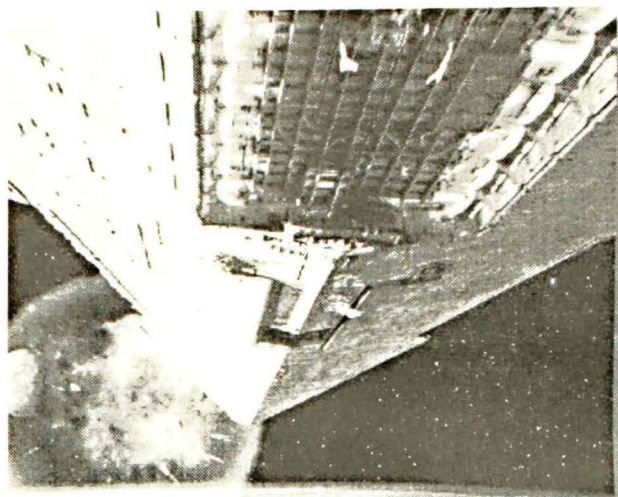
or so it seemed.

Not two weeks later, I received a bill from his insurance company stating that since I was not carrying insurance, I was liable for the damages. "Please remit \$3,900 within 15 days."

Well, instead of going into a nervous breakdown, I went into

on his car.

To my surprise, I received a call from the man's insurance company. Before I could ask how to make payments, the lady said, "Mrs. Payne, your story conflicted so much with my client's, but I have never had anyone send me anything in comparison to the 64



action. I put together a fabulous 64 page narrative on the entire accident, from the time I left my house to the time that I came back to the scene 15 minutes after impact to find that the man's undriveable car had mysteriously driven itself away from the scene.

I had 21 photos, hand-drawn maps to scale of the entire Severin area, directional charts from every angle, plenty of details. But with no insurance and no witnesses, I knew I was going to have to basically buy this guy an upgrade

pages that you sent to me defending yourself. You've earned this. I am closing this case."

I was off the hook for the \$3,900, but I lost my license for a year.

I learned three lessons that day. Never drive without insurance, don't use your cell phone while you're driving, and better late than never!

As I arrived at the wedding reception, I hugged the groom and said, "Hey, remember that car you sold me six months ago ...?"

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5# ROUND STEAK 5# SAUSAGE 10# CHUCK ROAST 3# FRANKS 10# GROUND BEEF 2# BOLOGNA 10# BEEF RIBS 2# SALAMI 15# CHICKENS CUT UP 3# BACON 15# END CUT PORK CHOPS

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8# COUNTRY SPARE RIBS 5# FRANKS 10# ROUND STEAK 10# SAUSAGE 20# CHUCK ROAST 4# BOLOGNA 25# GROUND BEEF 3# SALAMI 25# FRYER CHICKENS 5# BACON 5# BBQ STEAK 10# BEEF RIBS 20# END CUT PORK CHOPS

Susanne Riddle-Haslinger

As soon as I was 15, like most 15-year-olds of yesterday and today, I received my driver's permit and began my road adventures with whomever had a car and a legal driver's license.

Besides my mother, who hesitantly gave into my whines and pleading to "puleese let me drive," I had several friends with licenses and access to their parents' cars.

The more fortunate even had their own cars and were willing to let me climb into the driver's seat. One such pal was a guy named Sonny.

Sonny, a big brother type of friend, was 18 and had his own beautiful, red Chevy convertible. As a favor to a bunch of silly girls on Saturday afternoons, he would put down the top and drive us all over town. He never complained when we demanded he turn left, go straight, turn around and go back, or that we incessantly changed the dial on the radio to find songs we could sing along with at the top of our voices.

One Saturday afternoon, after I had possession of my permit, I convinced Sonny to let me drive his car. It didn't matter, I told him, that I couldn't drive a four speed. I was a quick learner and he could teach me.

He tried to explain to me that his Chevy wasn't just any Chevy, but was "souped up," very powerful and was his prized possession, one he bought and paid for with

his own hard earned money.

But Sonny had a gentle soul, which means he had a hard time saying no to a female with a quivering lip and crocodile tears.

That was his first mistake. We parked in the empty high school parking lot. With my hands firmly grasping the wheel, Sonny explained the fundamentals. He showed me how to use the clutch and to shift each gear. He seemed to relax a little as I quickly maneuvered what seemed to me to be a fairly simple procedure.

Though I felt ready to begin the real lesson, Sonny insisted we practice this ritual until he felt confident I was ready to turn on the key and move forward.

That was his second mistake. I took a deep breath, noticing that Sonny didn't seem to be breathing at all, and turned on the key. With my hands on the wheel and both of Sonny's on the dash board, I inched the car forward. With my hand on first gear and my left foot slowly easing up on the clutch and barely pressing down on the gas pedal, the car jerked forward and died.

The second attempt was just as clumsy and remaining in first gear, I managed to maneuver the car into a jerk-stop, jerk-stop routine and then it died once more.

By now, Sonny's teeth clamped together and his knuckles on the dashboard matched his complexion. I convinced him



once again that I really could do it and begged for one more chance. With sweat pouring down his face and a pained expression in his eyes, he agreed and that was his third mistake.

I started the car and eased the clutch gently and made it to second gear, then to third and, finally,

to fourth. Moving at a turtle's pace, I drove around the parking lot in circles and managed to stop the car and repeat the entire process a few times.

Quickly bored with the empty parking lot (and, naturally, dying to hit the drive-in to show off in front of my friends), I once more duped Sonny into giving me my way and that was his fourth mistake.

I pulled out of the parking lot and headed for Barney's, a few short blocks away. At the final stop sign before the entrance to our destination, Sonny told me to turn right and in order to avoid the minor lurching I was still doing, he told me to give the car a little more gas as I let out on the clutch this time.

That was his last mistake. As I turned the corner, I pushed too hard on the gas pedal and the car took off like a rocket in a Star Wars movie.

At that moment, I suddenly forgot what to do and was yelling at Sonny to tell me what to do next, but at a quick glance, I noticed his head was stretched far from his hands (still clinging onto the dash board), his hair looked like it was caught in a wind tunnel and his mouth was open wide in a silent scream.

The steering wheel seemed to have a mind of its own and the car raced from left to right barely missing the parked cars on each side. To my horror, I was approaching another stop sign and Sonny was now grabbing at the keys and yelling for me to take my foot off of the gas pedal.

I had no choice but to run the stop sign. Fortunately and miraculously, there were no cars coming from any direction, but unfortunately, I lost control of the wheel and headed straight for the parked cars in front of homes that, until now, were quiet and safe.

We plowed into the first car, which plowed into the car parked in front of it, which in turn, plowed into the car parked in front of it. Though we were wear-

ing seatbelts, my head hit the steering wheel, Sonny's hit the dash and then it was quiet, except for the hissing sounds coming from Sonny's beautiful, red, souped-up Chevy convertible.

It was a miracle that we survived and were released from the hospital with just minor cuts, bruises and a banged up knee (mine, not Sonny's).

My greatest sorrow was knowing what I had just done to Sonny's car and my greatest fear was having to face my dad, whose insurance was going to have to cover all those damaged cars, and knowing I would probably be grounded for the rest of my life.

Sonny's car was repaired (as well as the other three) and I was not grounded for the rest of my life. Instead, I was not allowed to get my driver's license until I was 17 (not by the law, but by my dad's law). Sonny remained a sweet and forgiving friend until his death in Vietnam.

Norrie West

Nearly 52 years ago, late one misty afternoon, I was driving home after covering the County Open Golf Tournament at the La Jolla Country Club.

Earl Keller, the golf writer on the *Evening Tribune-Sun* (as it was called in 1946), asked me if I would cover the County Open for him the upcoming Sunday. If I would do so, he would pay me \$25, which at my sportswriter salary level, was a nice little bonus.

The day was overcast and misting. The two-lane road running east-west through Mission Valley was wet and slippery and the rear tires on my 1940 Ford coupe were rather bald.

This was long before the Interstate 8 was built, and this two-lane, black-top road had almost no traffic that grey afternoon.

At the Ward Street intersection, I gunned the engine and before I knew it I was ... fish tailing severely.

Before long, the rear end of my car caught up with the front and around I went in a 360-degree spin. The landscape was going by so fast, I was completely disoriented.

Off the road to my left, there was the San Diego River with no water, 40 feet down a steep hillside ending in a sandy river bottom.

As the spin ended, I went off the road heading down that hillside. I was already too far down to stop, but for some reason I had presence of mind enough to cut the wheels so I would go straight down and not roll over.

Down I went, crashing through willow trees that would have hit me if the window was down. I hung on to the steering wheel with a deathlike grip, almost like riding a bucking bronco.

Finally, the nose of the car hit the sandy bottom, stuck for a moment, then came up as the rear end dropped down into the sand. Boy what a ride! I was still right-side-up, though.

I got my tournament notes, opened the door and started climbing up through trees and unfortunately, poison-oak.

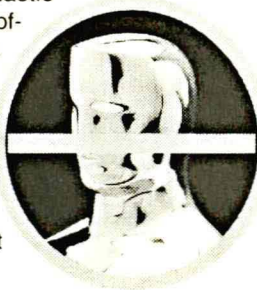
Much to my surprise, a flood of people came down the hill as I

Continued on Back Page

Move over, Oscar, it's Eastie time!

Forum Publications is preparing to bestow the first-ever "Eastie Awards," honoring excellence in local theater. Our writers have offered the following nominations from the 1997 theater season. We invite readers to vote for your favorite actors and actresses and return the ballot to our office by March 2. The winners will be announced around the time that Oscar guy tries to crash the scene.

The Easties, at this point, will be honorable mentions in the pages of this newspaper. (If anyone at a local trophy or graphic shop is interested in designing or donating actual awards, don't hesitate to contact us at 469-0101.)



Easties Ballot

Please mail to: Box 127, Lemon Grove, CA 91946
Your name will be entered into a drawing for tickets to local productions.

Best Actor (Drama)

- ☐ Jeffrey Jones — "Night Must Fall" (Octad)
- ☐ Danny Campbell — "Dancing At Lugnasa" (Octad)
- ☐ Lloyd Frazier — "Driving Miss Daisy" (Lamp.)
- ☐ David Gallagher-Lydecker — "Laura" (Lamp.)

Best Actress (Drama)

- ☐ Jill Virginia Costanzo — "Night Must Fall" (Octad)
- ☐ Pat Hansen — "Driving Miss Daisy" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Ginger Radenheimer — "Night Must Fall" (Octad)

Best Actor (Comedy)

- ☐ Jeffrey Jones — "Picnic" (Octad)
- ☐ Joseph Zilvinskis — "My Three Angels" (Octad)
- ☐ Andy Boutelle — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)

Best Actress (Comedy)

- ☐ Gail Freeborn — "My Three Angels" (Octad)
- ☐ Layla Stuckey — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Nancy Erickson — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)

Best Supporting Actor (Comedy)

- ☐ Marty Hresa — "My Three Angels" (Octad)
- ☐ Jack Winan — "My Three Angels" (Octad)
- ☐ Max Macke — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Greg Muskowitz — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Danny Campbell — "Much Ado About Nothing" (Octad)

Best Supporting Actress (Comedy)

- ☐ Teresa Henning — "My Three Angels" (Octad)
- ☐ Robin Roarke — "Father Of The Bride" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Nancy Erickson — "Father of the Bride" (Lamp.)
- ☐ Layla Stuckey — "Father of the Bride" (Lamp.)

Best Actor (Musical)

- ☐ Jason Kent — "Godspell" (CCT)
- ☐ Paul Russell — "South Pacific" (CCT)
- ☐ William Nolan — "South Pacific" (CCT)
- ☐ Donal Pugh — "Annie" (CCT)
- ☐ David Schwartztraub — "Annie" (CCT)
- ☐ Justin Parks — "Godspell" (CCT)
- ☐ Ken Rose — "Traditions Of Christmas" (CCT)

Best Actress (Musical)

- ☐ Amy Cook — "42nd Street" (CCT)
- ☐ Amy Cook — "South Pacific" (CCT)
- ☐ Stephanie Hargrove — "South Pacific" (CCT)
- ☐ Whitney Pappas — "Annie" (CCT)
- ☐ Louise Smith — "Annie" (CCT)
- ☐ Jaime Cohen — "The Wacky, Wild Days of The West" (Octad)
- ☐ Melissa Chase — "The Wacky, Wild Days Of The West" (Octad)

Edco club donates to historical society Miguel thespians present 13th annual scene festival

The Edco Contrib Club has donated \$400 to the Lemon Grove Historical Society in support of The Parsonage, currently being restored as a museum of the City of Lemon Grove. Michael Fellows, founder of the employee-backed Contrib Club, made the presentation to Society president Dr. Amorita Treganza and members of the executive board at The Parsonage.

"This generous gift is especially meaningful because it represents grassroots support," said Dr. Treganza. "These good people contribute a portion of their paychecks for a variety of worthy causes, demonstrating that charity really does begin at home."

Historical Society research into patterns of charitable giving shows that it is average Americans, not the super-rich, who contribute the lion's share of the nation's philanthropic dollars, with much of that largess going to local projects linked to



Mike Fellows, from the EDCO Contrib Club, presents a \$400 check to Lemon Grove Historical Society President Dr. Amorita Treganza. Photo by Pete Smith

improving the quality of life in a particular city or region. According to U.S. News & World Report, in 1997 Americans donated \$130 billion to charity,

up 9.5 percent over 1995.

"At one time a typical donor was wealthy, white, male and dead," said Helen Ofield, chair of The Parsonage Renaissance Committee. "Today, half of all charitable donors make less than \$50,000 a year. And it's the small donors who make the difference."

Interested persons are invited to call 462-6494 or 463-9193 for tours of The Parsonage in mid-restoration.

The Mount Miguel High School Drama Department will present its 13th annual "Faces of the Theatre" scene festival at 7 p.m. Tuesday through Feb. 28.

The production will be divided into a first act of dramatic scenes and the second act of humorous scenes. There are a total of 17 scenes, but they will be rotated, with 11 showing each night.

The selections run 7-12 minutes in length and are from speech contest material or in-class presentations. The set will be very simplistic with a busy 10-member stage crew changing the basic boxes and furniture.

This year, 32 students and four faculty members are participating. Many advanced students have multiple roles. The faculty are in a Monty Python sketch entitled "The Spanish Inquisition." Bill Madigan and Bob Windrem from the English Department, Jorge MacFarland from the Language Department and Chris Nelson from Social Studies will perform.

Top student performers include Danielle Saullo and Jason Hoover, who represented Miguel at the National Speech Finals last June, Matt Agosta and Doug Brown, who were a trophy winners at the state speech championships last

year, as well as Aysha Davis, Chantel Kelley, Adam Parker, Sabrina Barrett, Khaliah Walker and Llewelyn Labio.

Serious scenes include: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" by Neil Simon (the story of a girl who wants to quit school for a role on Broadway and her mother who knows she'll need her diploma); "Andre's Mother" by Terrace McNally (a woman accepting the death of her son from AIDS; "Nothing in Common" (a girl who makes the difficult decision to give her baby up for adoption); and "Eating Out" (three women who will do anything to be thin).

Humorous scenes include: "Sunshine Boys" and "The Odd Couple" by Neil Simon (two classic stories of conflict in a humorous way); "DMV Tyrant" and "Funeral Parlor" by Christopher Durang (stories where serious issues are made humorous); "The Attack of the Moral Fuzzies" by Nancy Beverly (a ridiculous parody of a game show); Sonny DeRee's "Life Flashes Before his Eyes" (a man owes the mob \$9,000 and only his mother can save him); and "Dracula" (Woody's Allen's reader's theatre parody).

Tickets are \$3 and are available from drama students or at the door.

Worship Directory



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Call Rectory for information and Mass Schedule. 466-3209

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John R. Embree, Pastor
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Sunday School 10:30 a.m.

Lemon Grove Christian Church



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Lemon Grove
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Church: 465-1888 • Preschool: 465-1887

For only \$3.50, \$5.50 or \$7.50 per week your church can be in the Worship Directory. Send your ad to P.O. Box 127, Lemon Grove, CA 91946 or call 469-0101, today!

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

Assigned File No 98001615
The Name of the Business: STARWORKS ENTERPRISES
located at: 1638 Cameron Drive in: Lemon Grove, CA 91945 is hereby registered by the following owner:

LUISA MARIA STAGNARO
1638 CAMERON DRIVE
LEMON GROVE, CA 91945

This business is conducted by: an Individual
The transaction of business began on: 01-02-97
Signature of Registrant: THOMAS ENGLISH

This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on JAN 20 1998
Lemon Grove Review Jan. 29, Feb. 5, 12 & 19, 1998

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Lemon Grove Review Jan. 29, Feb. 5, 12 & 19, 1998

FICTITIOUS BUSINESS NAME STATEMENT

Assigned File No 98002325
The Name of the Business: JUDIN VENTURES
located at: 3707 Fifth Ave., #155 in: San Diego, Ca 92103 is hereby registered by the following owner:
JUDI NEUBAUER
816-B SUTTER ST.
SAN DIEGO 92103

This business is conducted by: an Individual
The transaction of business began on: 1/27/98
Signature of Registrant: JUDI NEUBAUER

This statement was filed with Gregory J. Smith the Recorder/ County Clerk of San Diego County on JAN 27 1998
Lemon Grove Review Feb. 5, 12, 19 & 26, 1998

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for purchase of

LEASE PURCHASE OF NINETEEN SCHOOL BUSES FOR TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said District, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043); shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 2:00 p.m. on

February 27, 1998

and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place. The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidder meeting specifications. The Grossmont Union High School district reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding. No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids. In the event of identical bids, the Governing Board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.

Nadia Q. Davies
Clerk of the Governing Board
Grossmont Union High School District

Bid# 2729

Lemon Grove Review Feb. 12 & 19, 1998

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

T.S. No. 0301473005
Loan No. 0301473005
YOU ARE IN DEFAULT UNDER A DEED OF TRUST DATED 4/30/92. UNLESS YOU TAKE ACTION TO PROTECT YOUR PROPERTY, IT MAY BE SOLD AT A PUBLIC SALE. IF YOU NEED AN EXPLANATION OF THE NATURE OF THE PROCEEDING AGAINST YOU, YOU SHOULD CONTACT A LAWYER.
A public auction sale to the highest bidder for cash, cashier's check drawn on a state or national bank, check drawn by a state or federal credit union, or a check drawn by a state or federal savings and loan association, or savings association, or savings bank specified in Section 5102 of the Finan-

cial Code and authorized to do business in this state will be held by the duly appointed trustee as shown below, of all right, title, and interest conveyed to and now held by the trustee in the hereinafter described property under and pursuant to a Deed of Trust described below. The sale will be made, but without covenant or warranty, expressed or implied, regarding title, possession, or encumbrances, to pay the remaining principal sum of the note(s) secured by the Deed of Trust, with interest and late charges thereon, as provided in the note(s), advances, under the terms of the Deed of Trust, interest thereon, fees, charges and expenses of the Trustee for the total amount (at the time of the initial publication of the Notice of Sale) reasonably estimated to be set forth below. The amount may be greater on the day of sale.
TRUSTOR: MELOQUIADEZ MONTIEL, AN UNMARRIED MAN
Duly Appointed Trustee: EXECUTIVE TRUSTEE SERVICES, INC.
Recorded 5/5/92 as Instrument No. 1992-0265776 in Book, page of Official Records in the office of the Recorder of SAN DIEGO County, California.
Date of Sale: 3/5/98 at 12:00 PM
Place of Sale: AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CITY HALL EAST, 300 NORTH COAST HIGHWAY, OCEANSIDE, CA.
Amount of unpaid balance and other charges: \$153,930.68
Street Address or other common designation of real property: 2111 REBECCA WAY, LEMON GROVE, CALIFORNIA 91945
APN #: 503-482-88
The undersigned Trustee disclaims any liability for any incorrectness of the street address or other common designation, if any shown above. If no street address or other common designation is shown, directions to the location of the property may be obtained by sending a written request to the beneficiary within 10 days of the date of first publication of this Notice of Sale.
Date: January 26, 1998
EXECUTIVE TRUSTEE SERVICES, INC.
15455 SAN FERNANDO MISSION BOULEVARD, SUITE #208, MISSION HILLS, CA 91345
(818) 361-6998
RICK SNOKE
2/12/98, 2/19/98, 2/26/98
LEMON GROVE REVIEW

Fridays.
LINDA S. NILES
COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE AMERICANS WITH DISABILITIES ACT (ADA), THE CITY WILL PROVIDE SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR PERSONS WHO REQUIRE ASSISTANCE TO ACCESS, ATTEND AND/OR PARTICIPATE IN THE COMMUNITY MEETING. IF YOU REQUIRE SUCH ASSISTANCE, PLEASE CONTACT THE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT AT (619) 464-6934 AT LEAST FIVE DAYS PRIOR TO THE SCHEDULED MEETING.

Lemon Grove Review February 19, 1998

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

The Grossmont Union High School District will receive bids for purchase of

LEASE PURCHASE OF NINETEEN SCHOOL BUSES FOR TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT

Each bid shall be submitted on a form obtained at the Purchasing Department of said District, located at 1100 Murray Drive, El Cajon, CA 92020-5664 (mailing address: P.O. Box 1043, La Mesa, CA 91944-1043); shall be sealed and filed in said Purchasing Department on or before 2:00 p.m. on

March 6, 1998

and will be publicly opened and read aloud at that time and place. The contract will be awarded to the lowest responsive, responsible bidder meeting specifications. The Grossmont Union High School district reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to accept or reject any one or more items of a bid or to waive any irregularities or informalities in the bids or in the bidding. No bidder may withdraw his bid for a period of thirty (30) days after the date set for the opening of bids. In the event of identical bids, the Governing Board may determine by lot which bid shall be accepted per Public Contract Code 20117.

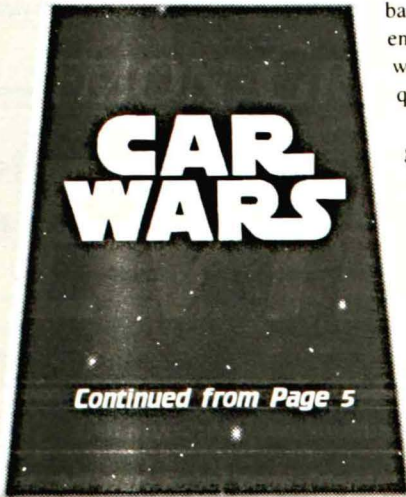
Nadia Q. Davies
Clerk of the Governing Board
Grossmont Union High School District
Bid #2729

Lemon Grove Review Feb. 19 & 26, 1998

CITY OF LEMON GROVE COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

NOTICE OF COMMUNITY MEETING - California No Smoking Law

SUBJECT: This informational meeting will discuss the issues involving the California No Smoking Law.
DATE: Wednesday March 4, 1998 at 6:00 PM
LOCATION: Lemon Grove Community Center, 3146 School Lane, Lemon Grove
Questions regarding this Community meeting may be addressed to Mary Jo Wilson at 3232 Main Street, Lemon Grove, CA 91945-1797, in person between the hours of 8:00 a.m. - 9:30 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. - 5:30 p.m. or at (619) 464-6934. City Hall is closed alternate



climbed up. How did they know I had gone into the river bed, and where did they come from?

That \$25 fee went for naught, because I had a \$25 deductible policy. I did get home somehow and wrote the golf story ... but in a day or two I was home with poison-oak so bad that I could not even go to work for a week. All for \$25!

In those post-war years, you couldn't get repairs done very quickly, so I was without a car for three weeks.

Of course I was lucky I wasn't killed or injured. I had regained my composure in time to avoid a bad accident.

Lucky me.

Michael Krawczak

For most of my first year in the Navy, I resided in a barracks on the

base outside Memphis, Tenn., while enduring a training program that would prepare me for my subsequent life on the high seas.

There, I consorted with a small group of other known native Chicagoans. One of them, a wiry little guy named Weimer — we all seemed to be on a last name basis back then — owned an old gas guzzling Oldsmobile. Being equally poor, every month or so, we'd round up a car-full of like-minded individuals to share gas costs for a weekend road trip back to Chicago.

The nationwide mandatory 55 mph speed limit had been imposed just a few years earlier, and we were all active civil disobedients in that area. We'd each drive about a two hour shift, and it became a matter of honor to see who could amass the greatest number of miles.

Under Weimer's house rules, the driver was King — able to decree which tapes would cycle through the 8-track player, the music volume level, and whether the heater was on maximum or the windows were wide open.

These were all pretty inconsequential things, at worst an annoyance to a passenger or two, particularly so on those cold winter nights when a driver fighting off sleep at 1 a.m. would roll the windows all the way down. However, looking back, other driver privileges, such as the practice of power slamming a six-pack of beer while tooling down the highway, were downright reckless.

Weimer was a fanatical driver. On the northbound trip, he always drove the first leg to Cairo, Ill., so that he could then sleep uninterrupted for the final six hours along the length of Interstate 57.

Weimer's route of choice out of Memphis was Interstate 55 with its numerous passing lanes, rather than the more direct but two-lane Highway 51 through Kentucky.

One night he received an early speeding ticket in Arkansas, clocked at 67 mph. Undeterred, he picked up the pace. About an hour later, the Missouri State Police nailed him for doing 83.

After taking to the road yet again, his face showed a look of fierce determination that I had not before seen and his words sent shivers. Weimer vowed that he would *not* get a third ticket. If pursued again, he would floor it and make a run for the Illinois state line.

His pre-oil embargo V-8 was fully capable of sustained triple-digit speeds. In his alcohol-clouded mind, Weimer thought his home state would not extradite a native son felony evader back to Missouri. From my vantage point in the back seat, I knew we'd all die.

Fortunately, Missouri's finest did not further challenge Weimer that night and we all reached Cairo in one piece. But the incident made me realize how many lives any one given crazy driver has the potential to impact and/or end.

Shortly afterwards, I bought a nine-year-old Dodge for \$400 and organized my own Chicago runs under the Krawczak house rules. But that's another story. ☺

El Cajon court to handle juvenile traffic tickets

Juveniles who are cited for vehicle code infractions within the El Cajon Judicial District will now appear at the El Cajon Municipal Court instead of the juvenile court in Kearny Mesa.

The pilot program was made possible by the passage of legislation which allows the transfer of jurisdiction of these cases from the juvenile court to the municipal court.

"This pilot program is designed so that the East County community can deal with the driving problems of East County kids," said juvenile court Presiding Judge James R. Miliken. "It will save time for East County juveniles, their families and East County police officers. The transfer of these cases to El Cajon will allow juvenile court bench officers additional time to handle more serious juvenile crimes."

El Cajon Municipal Court Presiding Judge E. Bianchini said that this program will not be substantially different than the program at juvenile court. For example, parents will be allowed to appear with juveniles in Municipal Court. Juveniles will be referred to the same traffic school and volunteer work agencies that are utilized by juvenile court.

East County law enforcement agencies were notified to begin citing juveniles into the El Cajon Municipal Court effective Feb. 1. However, the first appearance date for these juveniles will be in approximately 4-6 weeks. The El Cajon Municipal Court is expecting to handle approximately 2,000 juvenile citations per year.

Juveniles issued citations for misdemeanor offenses will continue to be cited to appear at the juvenile court.

May the force be with you



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